June, 23, 1836

Me, Mama and Papa left for the trail real early this morning to catch the wagon train to Santé Fe. I am so excited, except for the problems we may face worry me. A few days earlier I was tossing and turning at the thought of lightning storms, rabid animals, angry buffalo, disease, and hostile Indians. I’m sort of over it now, but I’m still worried that somebody might come up behind me and take me away, so I stay real close to mama. I’ve made a couple friends though. Their names are Anna and Paul. Anna’s pretty shy, while Paul is loud and pretty obnoxious. I played with them for most of the day. While we were sitting in the wagons, we made crowns out of flowers we picked along the way, and when we were walking with the other travelers, we kick rocks and things to each other. Its dinner time and mama just gave me this new journal to write in about the trail to keep me busy because the trail journey we’re taking will be long. She doesn’t want me to go insane with nothing to do in the heat. I doubt I’ll get bored though with my new friends, except it’s the first day of the journey, so I shouldn’t expect too much.

I cannot wait to get to the Cimarron Cutoff or the other camps and places we’re going! Maybe I’ll even make a couple new friends!

Sincerely,

Becca D.